

## An Experimental Heart

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Summary: Put under superhuman testing for the Government, Jackson Overland may finally have succeeded in escaping the facility that imprisoned him for all those years and is now on the run. While also trying to take control of his abilities, Jack meets and befriends Hiccup, the shut-in son of a man that just so happens to be on the hunt for him. Hopefully, things can start to look up.

## An Experimental Heart

\_"Run, run..."\_

His heart was racing. Even as he desperately pushed through the growth of the vegetation, his heart was pounding.

\_"...as fast as you can..."\_

Near, noises of awareness of his absence were heard in the background. Thinking back at his decision, he was terrified. As he strains his eyes forward, sweat beginning to form at the top of his forehead from his over exertion, he regrets.

\_"You can't catch me..."\_

There. Over just a little in front of him, he sees a good place to stop and hide behind. If only for a while, until the coast was clear enough to keep moving. He has doubt, but the German Shepards' murderous barking and his legs screaming for relief really didn't give him much of a choice. Stealthily, the boy quickly comes up to his spot of choice and ducks sideways into a crevice of a mossy boulder.

He sinks to the dirt as he brings a dirtied hand to clutch at his racing heart. The sweat now coming down his face in drops, he tries in all he's got to keep as quiet as ever. By the sounds of the dogs and the calling cries of their masters, he calculates in his head

they must be nearing to pass his location. He brings in a breath, and swears to himself to hold it because if he screws up, they'll find him without a doubt. \_Just disappear\_, he thinks to himself, \_be like a rock, be still-be still...\_

\_"...I'm the-"\_

Dead leaves crunch under searching feet just near him and the boy tenses up, becoming more paranoid than he's probably ever been in his life. \_This is it\_, the boy thinks to himself and he can almost see it now. The evil men finding him and dragging him back to that disgusting place. \_Home\_, he thinks, \_but that is not home...\_

He knows they'll find him now because they always find him. They'll always catch him and they'll always be right behind every step he takes. He can't let that happen, not anymore. No, this time-\_this\_ time, it was for sure. He \_will\_ make it. He has to. He promised her.

"I'm picking up footprints over here." A firm masculine voice reports. The boy can assume it belongs to one of the scouting men looking for him. He panics because the voice surprisingly is closer than the boy calculated and now he doesn't know what to do.

No. He does know what to do, but it's not a one-hundred percent guarantee. He's not sure if it's a chance worth taking because he's never actually tried it before and he knows he'll mess up, give away his cover. \_What other choice do I have?\_ He frustratingly admits. He has no other choice because that man is getting closer following the footprints and the boy is running out of thinking time.

\_You can do it\_, he tells himself, \_it's now or never...\_

The man's feet now come into view to the right, and it's at this time that he's suddenly blasted back in said direction and before he's even aware of what had hit him, he collides against an oak tree, ricocheting off it's trunk and falling to the ground with a cry of pain.

The man's cries were responded with the uproar of dogs barking, alerting their masters of the sound. The boy's head shoots back towards the way he came through the forest as he hears one shout, "This way!"

He's blown his cover now, he knows. He takes a breath, looking back over towards the man he hit, who now seemed to catch a hold of what's going on. The man looks down at himself, looking at what knocked him back and at the sight of the pearly white frost frozen over his bullet-proof vest, he smirks.

"It's too late, Snow boy..." the man smugly says, "We found ya' now."

The boy almost wants to run over there and wipe that disgusting expression off the man's face for good but there's no time for that now and he \_has\_ to go. He hears the dogs' barks gaining volume and so he shuts his eyes closed, clenching his fists tight and desperately tries to get his flight to work now. \_Come on, come on, just like you've been practicing...\_

"Down here!" He hears the man by the tree shout, calling out to the others who pick up his voice easily and the boy can feel his heart beginning to speed up again.

\_Just like before, please work-please! Fly, fly-!\_

"There he is!"

\_Fly, dammit, please! Come on, Fly!\_

"Stop right \_there\_!"

\_Just-!\_

All the boy could do was let out a scream of surprise as he was then instantly shot into the air, above the trees of the forest, now zooming uncontrollably forward towards God knows where. The last thing he could faintly hear of the officers now in the forest behind him was a distorted blur. Wind lashed fiercely at his face and eyes and he felt his stomach drop at the weightless feeling. A feeling he thinks he could never get used to.

He casts his gaze down at the scenery below, reminding him of seeing the world through the window of a fast moving car. Just blurs of colors.

He wishes now that he could stop but his body is refusing it and won't listen to him in the slightest. He figures now that he's probably far enough away from the men and their facility for a couple miles. Saying a silent prayer, he begins to try and land. Unfortunately, that seems easier said than done because in order for him to land, he has to figure what triggers him to stop and he's barely just getting the hang of getting himself into the air at that.

"Alright, just...weight. Think of weight." The boy shuts his eyes just like before and concentrates as best as he can. He thinks of the ground, of heavy weights, of stone, of \_anything.\_ Yet still, the boy remains airborne. In an act of frustration, he swings his hands up to his face to hold it, accidentally jerking his body and making his direction of flight tilt downwards.

He was only able to let out a shriek of surprise before he's body was quickly met with the rough earth. He bounced and skidded off the land, his flesh getting scraped and bruised as it took the impact before coming to a painful end, his face smushed down in the light soil.

Lifting his arms, the boy brought them beside his torso and slowly managed to push his head up to let out a moan of anguish. His body felt like it was on fire and he could taste the rising little bit of blood in his mouth from biting his tongue. He supposed it was true what they had told him, that he had not yet known of the true extent of his capabilities but he had thought wrong of them back then. Thought that he had known just how to control and use his powers once he had a little practice and that how could they possibly know if he could handle himself or not.

But now, laying here in the dirt below the setting sun, in the middle of God knows where and feeling like he just might pass out, he

thinks...maybe they were right. Maybe he doesn't have it under control, maybe he does have a long way to go before he can figure all of this out and now he realizes that. But that doesn't mean he won't try-he has to try, not just for himself but for her, too.

And as he forces himself off the ground, he looks to the sky for a moment, a sullen look on his face.

\_For you...\_

Looking back to the road in front of him, he decides to not try flying again, at least for a while and begins a long walk towards some town he doesn't really care to know. All the boy could think about was getting away and how maybe for once he finally was able to do it. A small but satisfied smile came to his lips as he kept on walking.

\_For Emma...\_

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\_A/N: So yeah this happened. Not sure if I should continue this or not, since I have no idea where I'm going with this but hey! Let me know what you think! :D  
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\_Leave a review if you can!\_

End  
file.